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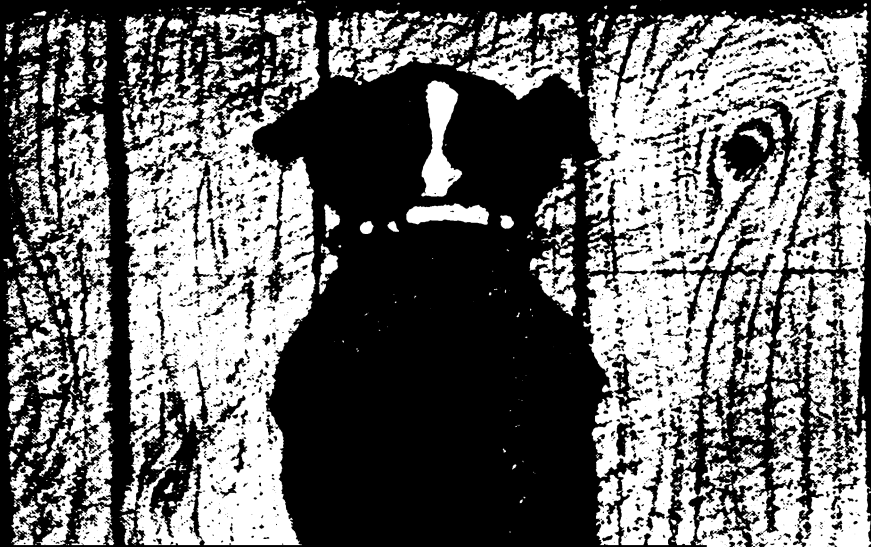
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Lays of a lazy dog

David Kilburn Stevens

*Positive, American
- 1 - 104*

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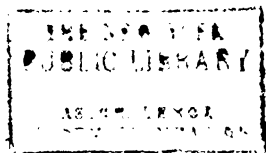
To G. H. Sargent

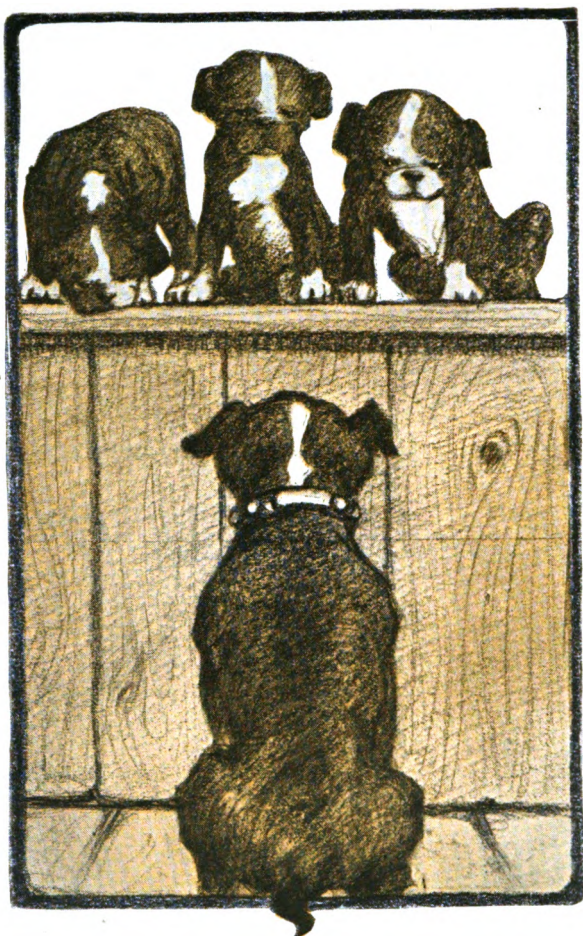
With the Author's
Cordial regards.

May 9, 1910.

32 Peterborough St.

Boston





*"But my experience may be
Of value quite imposing
To puppies in their infancy"*

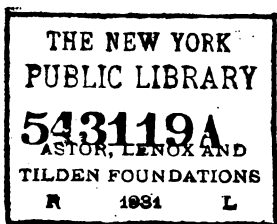
LAYS OF A LAZY DOG *BY TEDDY*

INTERPRETED BY
D.K. STEVENS



ILLUSTRATED BY
KATHARINE MAYNADIER BROWNE

John W. Luce and Company
Boston and London



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Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

FROM THE
CLARENCE
VANDERBILT

TO MY MISSIS.

If ev'ry little dog could know
The tender loving care I've had,
I think he'd love his missis so
He never could be really bad.

NAME

ADDRESS



PEDIGREE

LAYS OF A LAZY DOG.

INTRODUCTORY.

If it be true, as people say,
That ev'ry dog shall have his day,
May not he also have his lay,
 If he can weave it?

So, never seeking to excuse
The limitations of my muse,
My book I offer—pray peruse
 And take—or leave it.





I'm just a dog, of brindle hue—
A terrier, to claim my due;
My tail is what they call a *screw*,
And much commended

By judges who profess to see
Therein a sign of pedigree;
Tho' in *my* judgment it should be
Much more extended.

A *blaze* adorns my classic nose,
And down along my bosom goes,
Which, I'm encouraged to suppose
Is to my credit.

My ears are not quite *comme il faut*—
They never have been cropped, you know—
But still my missis likes them so,
For she *has* said it.





My ancestry appears to be
Composed of dogs of high degree;
Not that it matters much to me—
I never knew 'em.

In fact their merits I deplore,
And frequently feel rather sore
Because it's such a tiresome bore
To live up to 'em.

My name is—*Teddy*. Don't suppose
The name to be one that I chose!
For dogs, as ev'rybody knows,
Are not consulted;
The fact is, in my early life
My tendencies were all for strife
And butting in where rows were rife—
The name resulted.

And furthermore I wish to state
The title of this work I hate
Because 't is most inaccurate—
An innuendo;

Moreover it is frivolous
To designate my lyrics thus,
In fact it strikes me as *lucus*
A non lucendo.





ON EARLY RISING.

When the gray dawn is just getting hazy,
And I feel disinclined to get up,
Is it fair to describe me as lazy,
And to call me an indolent pup?

Just because I'm a dog does it follow
That I should get up in the dark,
Like the perfectly imbecile swallow,
Or the equally fatuous lark?

It is claimed, though I try to refute it,
That the hours which in slumber I spend
Would amount, if you chose to compute it,
To a total I couldn't defend.





I admit that I'm apt in the daytime
On the hearth to quite frequently sprawl;
Though I seem in a somnolent state, I'm
Engaged in reflection—that's all.

Other dogs may get up with the dawning,
Or earlier still, if they choose;
But the time to turn out in the morning
Is a subject on which I have views.

For I hold that eight-thirty or *sav' nine*,
Though I never pretend to advise—
For any respectable *canine*
Is a suitable time to arise.





DOING TRICKS.

Of all the futile ways to spend
An hour that might be fruitful,
Performing tricks, I reprehend
As highly dissoluteful.
(I shouldn't be a bit surprised
To have that last word criticised.)

The only trick that's worth the pains
Of frequent repetition
Is one by which a dog obtains
Some species of nutrition.
Of these, the one I recommend
Consists of sitting up on end.







But shaking hands and jumping through
Annoy me beyond measure;
And others which, tho' hard to do,
Afford no lasting pleasure.
Especially do I resent
The "hidden cake" experiment,

Another one which I deplore
Involves the simulation
Of *rigor mortis* on the floor,
Devoid of animation.
This silly trick, I blush to say,
I'm often called on to display.





When I was young, if I had feigned
 An intellect defective,
My missis might have then refrained—
 But that is retrospective,
And juvenile sagacity
Is something of a scarcity.

But my experience may be
 Of value quite imposing
To puppies in their infancy,
 So just a word in closing:
The dog that never shows his wit
Is apt to have the best of it.





ONE MEAL A DAY.

(Rondeau)

One meal a day—absurd decree!

And based, as far as I can see,

Upon the mere hypothesis

That food is bad for all aristocratic dogs of pedigree.

I need not say this theory

Does not at all appeal to me ;

'Tis not my view of prandial bliss,

One meal a day!

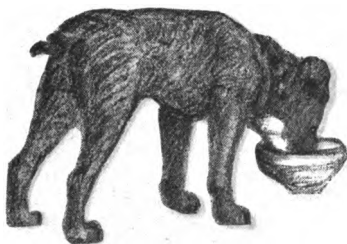
The authors of this rule are free

To breakfast, lunch, to dine and tea,

And e'en to sup seems not amiss ;

While I, alas! have only this

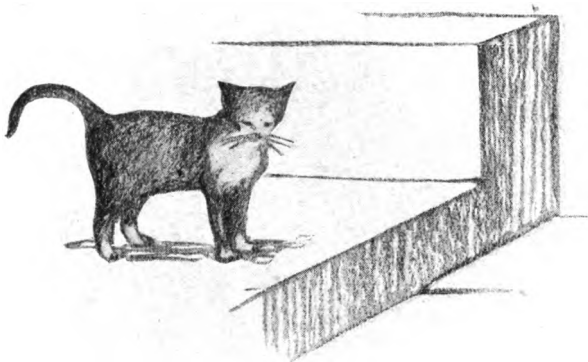
One meal a day!





ELIZA.

'Twas only lately I became
A sadder dog and wiser;
The cause whereof I briefly name :
Eliza !



My conduct, I'm entirely free
To say, was hardly lawful,
But bless my stars ! Eliza—she
Was awful !



Upon a neighboring step she stood,
This fraudulent Eliza;
Observing which, I thought I would
Surprise her.

Full often I had sought to vex
Her from that same position,
And always she had fled with ex-
pedition.

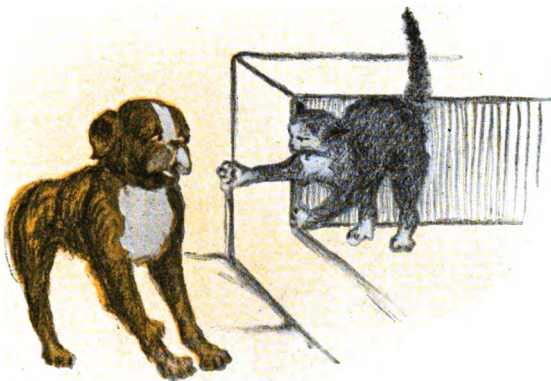


So, to my feelings giving vent,
I rushed her, colors flying,
Upon unbroken precedent
Relying.

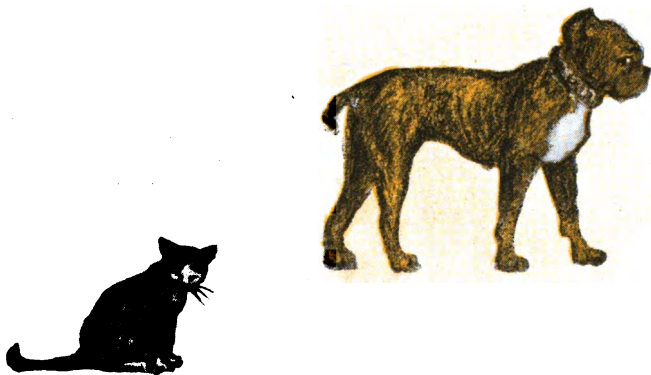


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Till but six inches intervened
Did impulse thus promote me;
Eliza then become a fiend—
And smote me!



It was a base deception, but
I will not criticize her;
Hereafter I shall simply cut
Eliza!



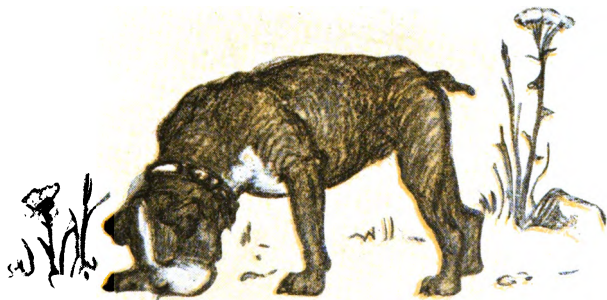


COUNTRY LIFE.

I'm very fond of country life
 three months in ev'ry year,
For there I find that discipline
 is rather less severe.

I'm free to take my walks abroad
entirely unrestrained:
A privilege which can't, in town,
be lawfully obtained.

In sights and sounds remarkable
the country-side excels,
And frequently I run across
some quite important smells.



Among the class of hunting dogs
I do not claim a place,
But country life has stirred in me
the instinct of the chase.

In this connection I denounce
a certain creature that
'Twere better to avoid unless
you're *sure* it is a cat.



The chipmunk is a safer prey—
impossible to get,
But when the sport is over, there
is nothing to regret.



Of course there are some drawbacks to
the rural life *per se*,
For instance, take the bees that hum
around the locust tree.

Attracted by some subtle charm
I probably possess,
They often light upon my nose
and cause me some distress.

And there are other matters which
detract from perfect joy,
But I don't know of any place
where *something* doesn't cloy.

So on the whole I rather think
'tis well to disappear
From scenes of social splendor for
about three months a year.



PUPPY-TALK.

A thing that fills me with regret
I'll here and now relate :
I'm rising five years old, and yet
My people seem to quite forget
I've reached a dog's estate.

A dog of five that hopes to win
Contemporary fame,
Should deprecate indulgence in
Such terms as "Teddy-weddikin,"
And variants of the same.

I may be narrow-minded, yet
It cannot be disguised
That when I'm called a "doggum-pet,"
I look upon that epithet
As one to be despised.





My views, so frequently expressed.

I venture to repeat:

And shall continue to protest

When I, in public, am addressed

As "Mommer's Tweeti-weet!"

'Tis not my purpose to decry

Expressions of regard,

But when I'm called "A lambkin-pie."

It's quite enough to justify

Bad language in the yard.

These terms to which I here allude

My sense of fitness shock;

And I should view with gratitude

A law so framed as to exclude

All forms of Puppy-Talk.





ON CATCHING BIRDS.

I never yet have caught a bird,
 Though constantly I try.
It seems ridiculous—absurd
That ev'ry little silly bird
 Can fly,
 While I,
With natural ambition stirred,
In vain pursue the crafty bird
 That pointedly will fly
 Just high
Enough to keep me fiercely spurred
To catch that pesky little bird,
Or know the reason why!





A dog I know once caught a bird,
And caught him on the fly.
I wasn't there when it occurred,
But he declares he caught a bird
And why
Can't I?
It makes me cross, upon my word!
To chase a common little bird
And see him wink his sly
Right eye,
While I go mad with hope deferred!
But I can't seem to catch a bird.
Though constantly I try.



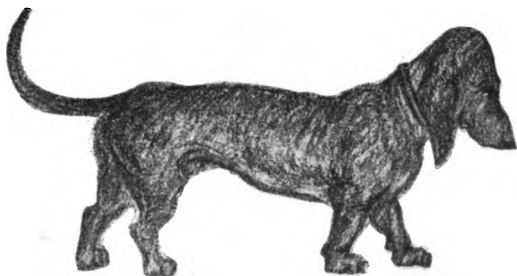


HANS.

Some five or six doors farther down
The street where I reside,
There lives the queerest thing in town,
Whose looks I can't abide.

He has a tail, likewise a head,
With nose and ears complete ;
I know he is a quadruped
Because he has four feet.

But as for legs—don't make me smile !
I do not hesitate
To say that he'll be right in style
When legs go out of date

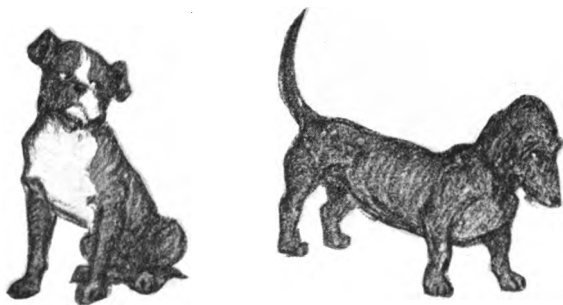




I don't know where to place this freak
In Nature's catalogue,
But I am told he has the cheek
To claim he is a dog.

They call him *Hans*— a vapid name
Quite meaningless to me ;
I doubt if he has any claim
To ancient pedigree.

I hope I'm not inclined to show
Vain pride and arrogance ;
I'll go as far as most dogs go.
But draw the line at Hans.





RUNNING AWAY.

Although I claim to be above
Diversions which are known as *gay*,
About four times a year I love
To run away.

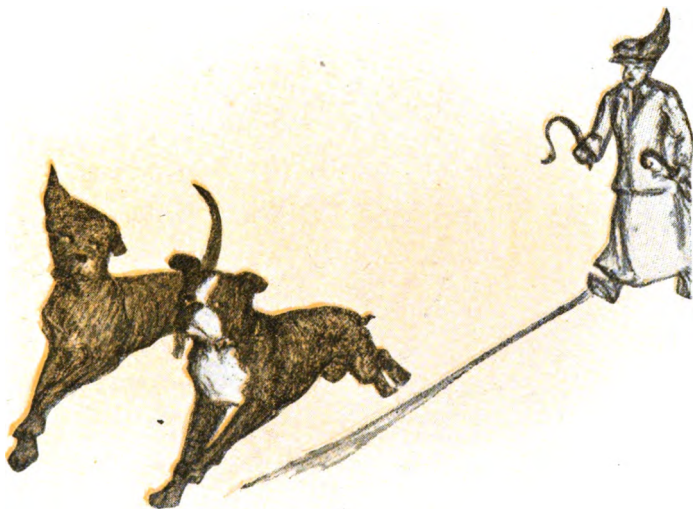
In this I am encouraged by
A neighbor of the mongrel sort,
Who is, I'm bound to specify,
A thorough sport.



We meet by what seems purest chance,
(An easy dodge to execute,)
Assume an air of nonchalance—
And then we scoot !



I hear, but do not heed the cry
My missis angrily emits,
Although I know that by and by
She'll give me fits !



'Tis true, my fate I cannot cheat—
When I return I'll pay the price ;
But, in the language of the street,
That cuts no ice.

Of course I don't pretend to say
That I'm insensible to shame ;
But when I start to run away,
I play the game.



BURGLARS.

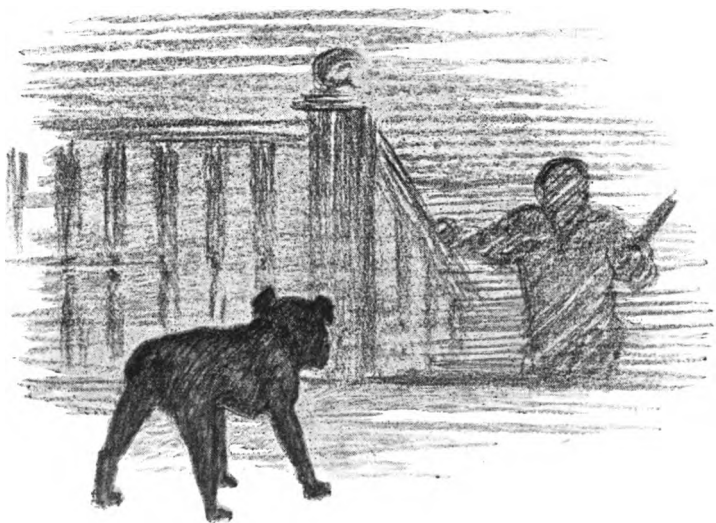
With no vain equivocation
Or unseemly arrogation
I can claim the reputation,
Whether justified or not,
Of amazing intrepidity
And absence of timidity,
As well as rare fervidity—
A Johnny-on-the-spot.



But for years I have expected
Any night to be subjected
To a test so well-directed
That the mark I'll have to toe;
And no effort to defeat it
Nor attempt to lightly treat it
Will avail; I'll have to meet it
To preserve my *status quo*.

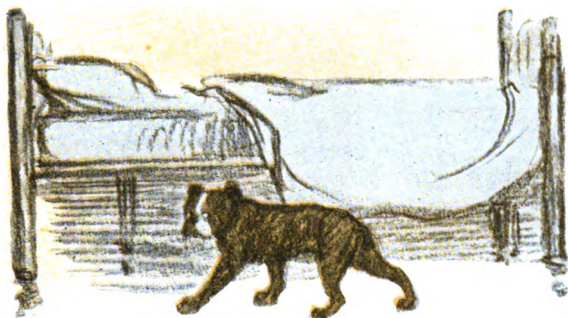


False alarms we're having nightly,
Which disturb me only slightly,
For I look upon them lightly
As not being my affair;
But some night I have the feeling,
I shall wake with blood congealing
And the sense of someone stealing
With a jimmy up the stair.





Now upon that grave occasion
Of burglarious invasion,
Will I leap, without persuasion,
 At the felon's ugly head?
Or, to obviate confusion
In the case of such intrusion,
Will I seek the shy seclusion
 Of the most convenient bed?



Till that lawless burglar really
Tests my courage thus severely,
I'm afraid 'twill never clearly
 Be revealed just what I'd do;
But I do not mind confessing,
If the matter gets too pressing,
That it wouldn't be distressing
 If I never, *never* knew.



MUSIC.

(Sonnet)

When Music sounds, there surges in my breast
An ecstasy beyond the human sense ;
A rapture so excessively intense
My harrowed feelings cannot be repressed.
My soul is troubled by a vague unrest
Which finds expression with a vehemence
Quite oft mistaken for the evidence
Of pains beneath what might be called my vest.
'Tis all in vain to sternly bid me cease,
Or shut me in the closet's dismal gloom ;
Indifferent to chances of release,
I lift my voice in echoes from the tomb.
O, chide me not in accents of disgust—
I sing, alas ! because I simply *must* !





ENVOY.

With some relief I write: *That's all;*
Here ends my Book of Song.
I thought I heard my missis call—
So long!



THE END.





